

Dedicated to Mrs E.W. Stamm.

MEMORIES.

Words by M. Hedderwick Browne.

Music by Waldemar Malmene.

Tempo moderato con espressione.

mf

1. Oh, love, since we two bade good-
2. The dear - est treasure that I

bye! The re - gal ro - ses rich per - fume But
hold To just one rose your lip did kiss; His

rallent.

calls the wild tears to my eyes And brings me dreams of pain and
gold - en store no mi-ser hoards Nor priz - es more than I do

a tempo.

gloom this; 'Twas 'mong the ro - ses, oh sweet-heart! That
this; Yet bit - ter are the tears mine eyes Up-

all our fare-well words were said; Each sum-mer from their graves they
 on its withered pet - als shed; Poor ghost of glo - ry, once mine

f
 rise, But you to me are dead, are dead. Each
 own, Like it your love is dead, is dead. Poor

ritard.
 sum-mer from their graves they rise But you to me are dead, are
 ghost of glo - ry once mine own Like it your love is dead, is

dead.
 dead.
a tempo.
ritard. *ritard.*